

# THE LOWELL OFFERING

## AND MAGAZINE.

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### WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE!—what is it, and what is it not? How many of the gentle, the kind, the lovely, and the pure, have wrecked their hopes, and their whole happiness in life, upon the vain stay of their sex's influence! Far be it from me to undervalue the good woman has done, or can accomplish—to speak lightly of the power that her virtues and noble tenderness give her in the moral world. But let us not overestimate this power—let us sometimes look where her influence has failed. A dispassionate examination of what woman may hope, rather than a rhapsody upon her all-pervading influence and unlimited power, is a safer criterion for her rule of life. Woman is but human, although her nature *may* be more angelic than that of the “sterner sex.” To her power there is a boundary. And God be her guide and support when she has overestimated her ability to reform the follies and errors of those she loves.

“Clara,” said Mrs. Worden to her young sister, “I do fear you are trusting too much to your own sanguine expectations in regard to Ernest Huntley. Pause, before it is too late, and ask yourself what you can anticipate from a union with him.”

“What I anticipate?” returned Clara laughing. “Oh, happiness—the joys of wedded life—a kind indulgent husband, and—and—but you may supply the rest of the picture.”

“Do you seriously think of marrying him?” anxiously and almost solemnly inquired Mrs. Worden.

“To be sure,” rejoined Clara. “Why, sis, you do not think me a downright coquette?”

“I had hoped your intimacy was nothing more than a mere flirtation—that is, that its meaning of any serious import was all void. But if otherwise—if my whimsical sister chooses the least desirable of all her acquaintances for her nearest companion, it is time for me to speak and interfere seriously. Do you know that Ernest Huntley is—”

“Yes, I do know that Ernest is honorable minded, frank, generous to a fault, and so ready to admit all his faults, that my sister gives him credit for keeping as many more behind the curtain as is usual with the rest of the world.”

"Clara! Clara!" interrupted Mrs. Worden, "when you are calmer we will speak of Ernest; and, until then, know that I too give him credit for all the virtues which you have enumerated; but—"

The door was unceremoniously opened, and the young gentleman, who was the subject of discourse, entered.

"Mrs. Worden, your servant," said he, bowing. "And, Clara, my evil genius, will you give me the honor of your company for a walk? 'The balmy air invites'—but you may finish the quotation. What—pouting?" he continued, as he saw she hesitated to comply. "Let me tell you that a frown suits not the contour of your face. Smile—smile, if you would improve your beauty."

"Ernest," said Clara, looking up with something not like a frown, and perhaps less like a smile, "do you know sis has been lecturing me, and—"

"So much the better," interrupted the gentleman; "no doubt you deserved it. But get your bonnet." And he led her to the door to enforce obedience.

"No doubt, Mrs. Worden," he continued, as he turned from the door, "Clara gives you much trouble. With your consent, I will relieve you of it, and take the saucy jade under my own special protection and care."

"And what will you do without my consent to the measure you propose?" rejoined Mrs. Worden.

"Why, if you refuse your positive countenance to the measure, we will act just as though we supposed your consent implied. I don't mean that we will run away in the night, or any such refined sentimental act; but I will just make myself your brother-in-law in fact, and then trust to your own kindness to treat me as such," replied the gentleman, laughing.

"Ernest Huntley," continued Mrs. Worden, "reflect before you do this thing. I know Clara better than you do. Kindness can lead her, but neglect, unkindness, or a harsh word would drive her from you, although she were thrice your wedded wife. You want (forgive if I speak plainly) a more equal temper—nay, plainer, more stability of character, to guide Clara's waywardness happily."

"Nonsense, sis (that is to be)—give yourself no uneasiness about trusting Clara to my keeping. I will always let her do just as she pleases; and that will suit you, will it not, love mine?" he continued, addressing Clara, who had entered the room.

"What," she replied, "has Lilly been lecturing you too? We will leave her to find out the wisdom of her own instruction." And the gay thoughtless pair left the house.

"Heaven grant," ejaculated Mrs. Worden, after their departure, "that you find the happiness which you anticipate."

We will take the advantage of their absence to introduce them more fully to the reader.

Ernest Huntley was the only son of a widowed mother, who had indulged rather than controlled his caprices. Naturally ardent, enthusiastic, and social, his companionable qualities made his society courted; and his generous impulses were styled noble and just. And yet, Ernest Huntley was without any fixed principles; he was one to be lured by temptation to the very gates of destruction. Mrs. Worden was many years the senior of Clara, and since the death of their parents, had supplied a mother's care to the younger sister. She was an amiable prudent woman—exact in her performance of duty, and as rigid in exacting its minute observance in others. She managed her own affairs of the conjugal partnership existing between herself and husband, with



every care to his interest and her own fidelity. And he, in a like manner, transacted his part in the drama of life without any reference to his wife, save that she belonged to him, and was to be provided for the same as his horse. The domestic stagnation of Mrs. Worden's family was any thing but to Clara's taste; and the effervescence of Ernest's disposition was a brilliant contrast to the dull quietude which she saw in her sister's family.

And Clara, bright, beautiful, playful and witty, the very germ of contradictions, what shall I say, or how shall I describe her? She was proud, but humble; kind, yet passionate; gentle as the balmy air of a southern breeze, still when passion asserted its sway, it swept all before it like the wild tornado; and yet the tempest was all within. So perfect was the control of her manner, that she was ever self-possessed. Save the flush upon her cheek, there was no evidence of the whirlwind within. But withal she was not deceitful. A spider's thread could guide at times, and again a manilla cord could not withhold her. Her fault was, an unsubdued, uncontrolled will; and yet, she was the most volatile and whimsical of beings. But WILL lay concealed beneath the witchery of her smiles, and the playfulness of her manner, like a poisonous drug at the bottom of a chalice.

"Well, Ernest," said Clara, as they paused beneath an inviting shade, "what was Lilly lecturing you about? You have not told me yet."

"Oh," returned Ernest, "she was fearing that I should make you unhappy, or that you would work my ruin—faith, I don't know which—but the latter is the most probable."

Clara stood for a few moments patting the grass with her tiny foot, and then looking up with mock seriousness, while a laugh like a sunbeam lay in her eye—

"It is true," said she, "I may be your ruin, and you my grief. I know this; but knowing it, I will be your wife. If you turn my sunshine to darkness, I too shall change your laughter to a wail. It may be that each of us is but the other's evil genius; and dare you take a wife who threatens?"

"Yes, take you, Clara, any way, whether you threaten to kill me with bullets, or rosebuds." And he imprinted a kiss upon her polished forehead, which bespoke aught but the fear that she was his evil genius.

How often words lightly spoken seem prophetic in after years. Little did those gay thoughtless beings realize how much of truth was hidden in their idle words. But we will not anticipate events.

In a few months Clara and Ernest were united; and the first three years of their wedded life were as happy as they themselves anticipated. Mrs. Worden was pleasurably disappointed in witnessing the earnest desire of both Clara and her husband to promote each other's happiness; and it might be that she thought too, that there was more in married life than the mere performance of duties scrupulously fulfilled.

At the expiration of three years from Clara's marriage, she first tasted the cup of sorrow in following her sister to the grave. Clara was tenderly attached to Mrs. Worden, in spite of their dissimilarity of character, and with sincere grief mourned her sudden exit. Perhaps, had she lived, the cold prudence which regulated her actions might have tempered the hasty enthusiasm of Clara's feelings, and averted the final consummation of the evils which had begun to cloud her domestic altar.

The monster Intemperance had begun to throw his fatal cords around his victim. As the truth began to be apparent to Clara, she was at first paralyzed with grief and shame; and then she started from the stupor of despair and remonstrated with all the energy of deep affection. Perhaps from the

depths of her love, and the enthusiasm of her character, she reasoned with more zeal than wisdom. Whether from the errors of her remonstrance, or from the unhappy perversity of her husband's nature, we may not determine, but it seemed as though the tears she shed, and the entreaties she used, only accelerated her husband's speed in the path he was treading.

Man's proud and self-claimed superiority but little brooks a wife's prayer that he should do himself "no harm." To show her that it is *his will*, not her wishes or happiness, that is to be consulted, he will rudely fling her words to the winds, and pursue with greater avidity the evil that is desecrating his own hearthstone. We sincerely question whether a *wife's* remonstrance ever withheld a husband from folly, or crime, if one of his own sex but gently hinted that he was a sober, or an upright man, in *deference* to his wife's happiness. A wife has naught but silent suffering, and the ever-ready smile of love, to win a husband from any evil habit he may have contracted. Yea, she must smile on, though the keenest pangs of agony rend every fibre in her frame, and the tears that she sheds are scalding drops of blood wrung from her heart's core. Complaints, or remonstrances are not for a wife's lips, unless she has a pattern of a husband in every respect. All mankind are perverse, and love power; and all husbands, especially, love to show that they are masters at home, although their own errors are masters of their own hearts. And when we teach that it is woman's influence that is to restrain and reform the errors of society, it ought always to be added, that a wife may not reprove a husband's transgressions, neither by showing that she is grieved, nor by unkind, harsh, or measured words. By marriage a woman loses her identity, and the husband but regards her as his "better half." Hence, her admonitions are, like those of his own conscience, unwelcome visitors, which he will fly from if he can. Self-condemnation is the most fearful to bear that can be imposed upon a human being. If we feel a consciousness of right and justice, the whole world may arise against us, and yet there is a self-sustaining principle, which an honorable and brave man would not exchange for the adulation of the crowd; and yet that same man will bow with writhing and torture beneath the accusation of wrong from the secret monitor within. From this phase of human nature we can see why a wife's reproof generally drives her husband from her. It is like self-accusation without the mollient of self-justification. And we sincerely question whether a wife's admonition, in nine cases out of ten, ever accomplished any thing but the estrangement of her husband's affections. A man so lost to the influence of duty and moral justice, that he will pursue a headlong downward career, in spite of his own reason and conscience, will not listen calmly to his wife's remonstrance against his course.

Perhaps the question may be suggested, what shall a married woman do? Shall she look calmly on, and not seek to stay the evil that is crushing herself and all that she loves?

She must look calmly on. What she suffers must not be betrayed at the price of her hopes. She may endure, or she may die, but where the principle of evil has become stronger than reason and conscience in the mind of man, *the provocation to reformation is seldom within the power of the wife*. Where one instance in opposition to our theory might be quoted, ten thousand might be cited in its support. Whether the matter arises solely from the selfishness and the perversity of the sterner sex, or from the fact that both sexes allow their imaginations to exalt and deify before marriage, and that the matter-of-fact of every-day life detracts and robs their idol of its golden trappings afterwards, we shall leave for more able casuists to decide.



But no one will deny, that as often as marriage transforms *the angel* into a mere woman, it changes the most attentive and kindest of men into something a little wilful and domineering; that *the lover becomes the master*, and exhibits the truth of the old song, which says,

"There are three things that you cannot drive,  
A hog, a man, and a bee-hive."

These are some of the plain unpalatable truths which every girl should fully feel the force of, before she promises in her trusting confidence "to obey." Of course we refer to a union with a man of sufficient intellect, will, and self-respect to hold an equality with his brother man; and she who marries a fool, hath more crosses to endure than a man of common sense could be imagined to inflict. But to return from our rambling.

Clara's temperament could ill brook coldness, or neglect, from one as dear as the chosen husband of her youth. She was frenzied and maddened that her happiness, her entreaties, did not stay his mad career. She did not stop to reason; she only *felt*—felt that life was a burden—that the future had no hopes, and that the present was naught but wo, wo. She would clasp her little Mary, who was now two years old, to her breast, and into her ear pour forth the moans that she could not shape into words. What could she do? to whom could she go for counsel? Her sister, the last remnant of her kindred, was dead, and should she tell the mother of her husband the whole of the direful truth? That mother loved her only son, as mothers ever love, with a hope, confidence and trust, that does not admit of a critical analyzation of the loved one's errors. Alone, with no counsel save her own excited feelings, she pondered upon the misery of her fate until her reason was nearly unseated. Or perhaps her errors were those of temperament, rather than otherwise. Hers was a sensitively acute mind, more swayed by the imaginative, rather than the reflective faculties. It was a brilliant, instead of well-balanced mind. She formed one mad resolve; and its execution was as rapid as the thought which had prompted it.

Ernest had left home early in the evening, and fearing what might be the event, (as it had ceased to be rare for him to return intoxicated) she had clung to his arm with an earnest and wild entreaty that he would not go.

"Pshaw!" he answered, carelessly, "any one would think, Clara, that you was afraid to have me go out of your sight. Remember that we have been married three years, and I will be back in an hour."

"But will you not stay, without going out at all?" persisted Clara.

"No," was the rude answer; "I have been tied to your apron string long enough." And he closed the door violently after him.

"My God!" ejaculated Clara, "and has it come to this?" And none but a desolate wife can understand the bitterness of that moment, as she sank upon the floor. A frightful calm succeeded the first burst of agony, and she rose as still, and apparently as self-possessed, as at any moment of her life. There was no outward sign of the inward anguish.

She first went to her chamber, and selecting a few of the plainest articles of her clothing, she packed them in a plain travelling trunk, and then she arranged her drawers and fastened every one by the lock. She also locked the door of her wardrobe, and placed the keys in a drawer of her writing-desk. At the bureau which contained her child's clothing, she paused long and thoughtfully; and then, resolutely turning the key to its drawers,

"No, no," said she; "if I sever one tie, it would be selfishness to cling to the other."

She then descended into the common keeping-room, and calling her servants together, (for poverty, with its disheartening and chilling aspect, had not yet claimed a seat in her household,) and discharging the arrears of their wages for the last month, remarked that she would wait for Mr. Huntley, and they could retire if they chose.

Although it was unusual for her to pay her help at that hour of the day, or at that period of time, yet her manner was so collected that the singularity of her so doing did not excite any remark. After they had retired, she inspected her cupboards and closets, and locking the doors of those not in daily use, carried the keys to her room. And then she sat down by little Mary's crib to await the coming of her husband. Hour after hour elapsed, and she still sat silently gazing into her babe's face; but there was no faltering of her purpose, whatsoever it might be. With a glazed and scorched eye she watched on.

At a late, or rather an early hour, Ernest returned. He had not reached that climax of degradation, deadly intoxication. His limbs and tongue could partly perform their intended office. He was surprised to find Clara waiting for him, as he had expressed his wish before that she never should sit up for his return.

"What are you up for?" said he. "I have told you before not to sit up moping; and remember that I do n't want you ever to do so again."

"I will never do so again," replied Clara, in a low firm voice.

There was something in her tone that struck her husband, drunk as he was; but he made no farther remark, and immediately went to bed.

It was late the next morning when he rose, and he seated himself in a sullen mood at his lonely breakfast table. Clara and little Mary were both invisible. After finishing his meal, he arose and started to go out.

"Mrs. Huntley desired me to tell you that she had gone to your mother's," said one of the servants who met him at the door.

"Very well," he replied. "In the sullens, I suppose," was his mental remark. "She thinks I shall come up there like a good boy, to take a lecturing by the wholesale. I have made her foolish by humoring her so much; but I shall leave her to get over her pouts, and come home when she gets ready."

At that moment he met one of his associates, and they adjourned to a tavern for their "eleven o'clock." At dinner time Clara was still absent; and after tea he did not return until midnight. The next morning was again lonely, for Clara was still absent, and he missed the prattle of little Mary. Soon after breakfast, he heard his child sobbing and crying, as his mother's servant brought her into the door, for her "Mama, mama."

"Why, Mary," said he, meeting them in the hall, "what is the matter? where is mama?"

The child nestled in his bosom, ceasing to cry, but still asked for "Mama."

"Where is Mrs. Huntley?" Ernest inquired of the man who had brought Mary.

"I do n't know, sir," was the reply. "She left Miss Mary with her grandmother yesterday; and the poor little thing has took on so this morning for her mother, that mistress said I had better bring her home."

"Is not my wife at my mother's?" asked Ernest, startled by the indefiniteness of the man's communication.

"Why, no, sir," was the astounding reply. "She did not stay long when she left Miss Mary; and your mother has wondered why she did not come back."



"My God!" ejaculated Ernest, "where is she?"

The servants were summoned and questioned, but no information was obtained of her absence. Thomas, the waiter, said that his mistress had directed him to carry a small trunk to Mrs. Rawson's (a poor woman in the suburbs of the city, to whom Clara often gave sewing, &c.) early the yesterday morning. All was confusion. Mary clung to her father's neck, still asking for "Mama, mama;" and he walked the house in agony, pressing his sweet babe still closer to his breast. The man who had brought Mary home, returned to bring his mistress; and Thomas, undirected, started for Mrs. Rawson's. Mrs. Huntley arrived first.

"Ernest, where is Clara?" said she, as she entered the room.

Before he could reply, Thomas entered, out of breath.

"Mrs. Rawson says," said he, "that Mrs. Huntley came there in a carriage yesterday morning, and took the trunk I carried up there, and desired her to send down word sometime to-day, that she had left her writing-desk unlocked, and she wished that you would see to it."

In an instant both Ernest and his mother were at the desk, and upon opening it, they found a letter directed to Ernest. He tore it open, with a nervous hand, and read:

"Ernest, when you read this, I shall have left your home for ever. Would that I had been carried from it to the grave—the only resting place for me on earth. Why, why must I do this? Would you have me remain to see our happy home desecrated by indifference? Would you have me live, and learn to turn with disgust from the bosom where I had nestled in confidence and love? Would you have me learn to loathe the embrace and caress, which have been my happiness? If *you* would have it so, *I* cannot. I could not live and love you less; and you know, and did know, even before I was your wife, that within my breast there was an abhorrence and loathing of an intoxicated person, amounting almost to insanity. There is a dread, a fearfulness, a disgust, of which I cannot divest myself, and which might be deemed unreasonable; but I cannot withstand it—I cannot reason myself out of it—nor can I be blind that my husband, my only and dearest friend, has thrown himself into the whirlpool of intemperance. Would my influence reclaim you? Have I not wept, entreated and prayed that you would consider? And yet you have told me there was no danger; but still night after night you have returned to me worse and worse. My influence with you has ceased; I can do you no good; the cup hath greater charms than your wife and babe: and have I done rashly to leave you before I too become cold, cruel, and indifferent? Would you have me live on, and suffer, and the result be that I detest my husband? No! no!—my life is spared, but wherefore I know not. My mission on earth has ceased. Oh, Ernest! Ernest! must this be? It is—and my brain burns and whirls. My influence with you has ceased; but I leave you our sweet child; and may she have the power (which I have not) to win you from the associates who have drawn you to the gates of destruction. Shall she grow up and blush that her father is a drunkard? I leave her for you—let your mother nurture her; and think not that I love her less that I leave her. She is yours as well as mine; and I would not take aught from you that you value; and that I love you none the less, witness I leave Mary as the pledge of my love for ever.

As for me, what may be, matters not. We have parted; and the earth hath no green, or verdant place in the future. I have looked upon your face for the last time, and all before is a blank that cannot be filled. I have imprinted my last kiss upon your forehead. Oh, if you had awakened when

I stood by your bed-side this morning, I could not have pursued my intentions; but now there is nothing before me but to die. I dare not trust myself to look upon you again. In one hour more, I am childless too. My child! my child! do not let her forget me. Let me at least live in *her* memory. Ernest, my husband, I feel that this struggle cannot be long: soon I shall cease to be in the land of the living; and with my last breath the last petition I shall ever make you is this, Will you leave the poisoned cup? You have Mary and your mother to live for—I have nothing. Life to me, is now a living death; but if my fate will only cause you to stop and think, I will not murmur. Ernest—but I can write no more. Farewell—farewell for ever. In life or death, ever yours. CLARA."

The distraction of the husband, and indeed of the household, may be imagined. "Where can she be gone?" was the constant query. No one doubted her good faith, and whither should they look for the fugitive. The strictest search was instituted, but it gave no clue to the mystery; and after weeks had elapsed, and no information had been elicited, the belief became confirmed, that in the frenzy of the moment she had destroyed herself. But if so, would not something have been told that would have directed their attention to some attending event?

Time passed; and Clara's fate seemed destined to be a mystery that it could not unravel. And did this rash, wild immolation cause Ernest to pause? It did. Like many a husband, whose cruel and wretched course has driven his wife to the grave, and after the sacrifice, or murder, he would pause and reform, thus did the heart-burdened Ernest Huntley. To say the least, husbands are the greatest paradoxes in nature. Their love for the *memory* of their companion may produce reformation, but their affection for the same being when with them, will seldom allow that they can be in fault. They will go on, and bury her whose whole hope in life is centred in them; and then upon the green turf which covers her corse, resolve upon that course of conduct which might have saved her from an untimely grave. The course seems like a physician's giving his remedies for the disease *after death*.

Four years elapsed, and the Temperance Reformation received a new impetus in the rise of the "Washingtonians," or those who taught that even of the beastly inebriate there was hope. Ernest early enlisted in its van as a Reformed Drunkard, and his deep feelings upon the subject, his own bitter experience, gave him a depth of unsurpassed eloquence in advocating the reform in which he was engaged. *Feeling* will give the fire of eloquence to any subject; and here is the secret of success to most orators. The same man often is not equal with himself—and why? Because upon the one subject he *feels*, and upon the other he reasons, and declaims abstractedly.

As a lecturer in the cause of Temperance, but few entered in rivalry with the deep touching pathos which Ernest exhibited. To the cause he gave his time and his wealth, only occasionally allowing himself to snatch a visit to his child and mother. Mary now had grown to a gleeful girl, and she was the only one who in that household could mention the name of her mother without untold pain.

Ernest travelled far. In each city and village where the demon of Intemperance had been, there he visited on his errand of mercy: and where in our broad land could he have gone amiss?

One year he had spent in the vocation he had chosen, laboring to save the lost and degraded; and his fame preceded him wherever he went. In the course of his travels he visited a manufacturing city; and while walking through one of the streets in the afternoon, a female passed him, and al-



though he did not see her face, yet there was something in her form and step that caused him to pause with a beating heart. "Could it be Clara?" The gait was not like the elastic buoyant step which he so well remembered; but still, deeply agitated, he turned and followed her. She entered a shop, and at the moment he went in was inquiring for some article of merchandise. That voice!—it was the same! And not pausing to think where, or what—only conscious of the one idea, he stepped forward, and laying his hand upon hers, which rested upon the counter,

"Clara!" said he.

A wild agonizing shriek was his answer. *They had met.*

Why pursue the tale farther? To describe, or analyze their emotions, were impossible. They had both grievously sinned, and both needed forgiveness.

Clara's history may be summed up in a few words. She left her home with an indefinite idea of solitude—a place where she could live and die unknown. At first she sought a home among the Shakers; but learning that she must also profess *their* faith if allowed to remain in their community, she had left them, and afterwards remained one year within the precincts of a secluded New England village; but as her funds became exhausted, she was forced to think how they should be replenished. And as in New England a *New England* factory life is better understood than elsewhere, she had learned enough not to fear the evils of a manufacturing establishment. She had lived to die, but had discovered, as an eccentric physician once told a patient, "that folks can't die just when they are a-mind to," and was obliged to think how to live.

*Employment*, and the influence of the society around her, had begotten a healthier tone of feeling, and if the curses of memory could have been spared her, she might have learned to be happy. As it was, her untold grief wore upon her nature, and the loss of her physical strength was attributed to the unhealthy employment of the mills. But she patiently toiled on, in hopes of death. She was surrounded by many who loved and were kind to her, but none won her confidence. She dared not confess her faults or griefs.

Rumor had a thousand versions of her meeting with her husband, and to a few, who had loved Clara without seeking to know aught but that she needed consolation and kindness, both her husband and herself communicated the whole of their painful history.

They had been reunited in time; and to HIM only who permitted their reunion, is it known whether that union was again one of undoubting confidence and trust. Even their errors had made them wiser. But were they happy in the wisdom of their own weakness? GRACE.

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## THOUGHT.

*"A soul without reflection, like a pile without inhabitant, to ruin runs."*

It is dispassionate and profound thought that enables man to arrive at distinction. A reflecting mind is always an intelligent one, for thought is the vitality of intelligence. If man were not a thinking being, he would be on a level with the brute, for it is universally admitted that the brute creation possess the principle of instinct; and, in many instances, they possess it in a high degree. Thought constitutes the most important part of man's nature.

There is much truth in the ancient adage, "He, who thinks not, knows not." To a person arraigned before a tribunal for committing some unlawful offence, reflection brings sharp pointed arrows of distress; and it is all the necessary consequence of the simple fact, that he never stopped to think; he was a stranger to reflection. Think you that he, who has so far departed from virtue, as to imbrue his hands in the blood of his fellow-mortal, ever paused to think of the awful guilt that he would bring upon himself by performing that act? Would he, who has been sentenced to while away a life of misery, within the grated walls of the deep dungeon, as a punishment for his wickedness and crime, have ever been brought to that emergency if he had thought on his ways, and considered the evils arising from such a course of conduct? Go and ask him—he will answer you, "Would that others might take warning from my example: wayward and unreflecting, I have brought this evil on myself."

Well is it said, "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven," and how they might have borne more welcome news.

S. J. L.

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### THE MURDERER'S REQUEST.

Bury me not where, so solemnly waving,  
The sentinel yew guards my forefathers' sleep;  
They would start in their shrouds with a voice of wild raving,  
And scare me with curses low muttered and deep;  
And their glances of vengeance would glare through the gloom—  
Oh! bury me not near my forefathers' tomb!

Bury me not where the breezes are sighing  
O'er those whom I loved in my innocent days,  
For their eyes, that beamed love and forgiveness when dying,  
Would haunt me, for aye, with their seraph-like gaze.  
And I would not pollute the sweet spot where they are,  
With an ingrate's vile ashes: oh! lay me not there!

Bury me not where in myriad numbers  
The city crowds throng the low halls of the dead;  
For with echoes of scorn they would wake from their slumbers  
And bid me arise from that last narrow bed;  
And with skeleton fingers would point me away;  
Oh! bury me not where those ghastly hosts lay!

Bury me not in the shadowy wildwood,  
'Mongst wild birds and flowers, the tree and the stream;  
Ah! they were my guiltless companions in childhood—  
But never again may return that bright dream;  
For the birds and the stream from my presence would flee;  
And all verdure and beauty would vanish near me.



Bury ye me on some storm-rifted mountain  
 O'erhanging the depths of a yawning abyss,  
 Where the song of the zephyr, the gush of the fountain,  
 Are changed for the whirlwind, and vile reptile's hiss;  
 Mid whose pestilent vapors no mortal may come;  
 And no being, save ONE, view my desolate home.

Yet, can ye not find within Nature's dominion,  
 A nook where that Eye's piercing ray may not see,  
 Let me fly to that spot, on some demon's dark pinion,  
 Far, far from the glory so hateful to me.  
 Though the horrors of Erebus blacken the air,  
 Yet to me it were Paradise! Bury me there!

L. L.

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## AN UPRIGHT JUDGE IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE of the domestics of Prince Henry, eldest son of the King, had been accused at the King's bench, and seized by order of this tribunal. The young prince who loved this man much, looked upon this enterprise as a want of respect for his person; and having many flatterers around him, who inflamed his resentment yet more by their counsels, he repaired to the seat of justice, where, presenting himself with a furious air, he ordered the officers to set his domestic at liberty immediately.

Fear caused the eyes of all who heard him to fall, and took from them the power of replying. The Lord Chief Justice (Sir William Gascoigne) only rose, without any mark of astonishment, and exhorted the prince to submit to the ancient laws of the kingdom. "Or at least," said he to him, "if you are resolved to save your domestic from the rigors of the law, apply to the King, your father, and demand of him pardon for the culprit. It is the only means of satisfying your inclination, without giving a blow to the laws, and wounding justice."

This wise discourse made so little impression upon the young prince, that, having renewed his orders with the same warmth, he protested, that if they delayed a moment to follow them, he would employ violence. The Lord Chief Justice, who saw him seriously disposed to execute this menace, raised his voice, with much firmness and presence of mind, and commanded him, by virtue of the obedience which he owed to the royal authority, to withdraw at that instant from the court, the exercises of which he disturbed by so violent proceedings.

At this the rage of the prince burst forth in a terrible manner: he approached the judge with a furious air, believing perhaps to frighten him by this bold movement. But Sir William being master of himself, sustained perfectly the majesty of a seat upon which he represented the King. "Prince," cried he, in a firm voice, "I hold here the place of your sovereign lord, of your King, of your father: you owe a double obedience to these titles.

I order you, in his name, to renounce your design, and to give henceforth a better example to those who will one day be your subjects; and, in order

to make amends for your disobedience, and the contempt which you have shown for the law, you must go directly to prison, where I enjoin you to remain until the King, your father, make known to you his will."

The gravity of the judge, and the force of authority produced the effect of a thunderbolt. The prince was so struck that, giving his sword to those who accompanied him, he made a profound reverence to the Lord Chief Justice; and without replying he went to the prison of the tribunal. His attendants went soon to report what had passed to the King, and failed not to add all which could prejudice him against Sir William.

This wise monarch caused them to explain the least circumstances; then he appeared in a reverie for a moment; but suddenly raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he cried, in a kind of transport:

"O God! how grateful ought I to be for thy goodness! Thou hast given me a judge, who fears not to exercise justice, and a son, who not only knows how to obey, but who has power to sacrifice his anger to obedience."

E. W. S.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Go watch the bright path of the setting sun,  
As he sinks to his rest when the day is done,  
And ye surely will mark, as he fadeth from sight,  
The glory he scatters around in his flight.  
The light dancing clouds, in their beauty unrolled,  
He gilds with a mantle of purple and gold;  
One deep tinge of crimson steals over the West,  
Like the flush of the flowers in the realms of the blest.  
The rich ruddy glow of that ocean of light  
Is like young dreams of Heaven, so lovely and bright,  
As if zephyrs of Paradise played o'er the skies,  
And tinged the deep blue with their own native dyes.  
Such, such are the friendships of childhood and youth,  
Before the heart loses its freshness and truth,  
When its best, kindest feelings gush joyously forth,  
Too soon to be chilled by the coldness of earth.  
And long when the morning of lifetime is fled,  
When the friends of our youth are entombed with the dead,  
Then shall the remembrance of those friendships gleam  
O'er life's dreary winter with soul-cheering beam;  
The broad skies of Memory bathing in light,  
The light of young friendships so joyously bright.  
O'er the chill frosts of age it casts a deep glow,  
Like the kiss of the morn on the new-fallen snow.  
And oft shall we turn, when life's evening draws nigh,  
To gaze on the glories of Memory's sky,  
And yearn for the friends of youth's sunny spring,  
When our hearts knew no sorrow, and care had no sting,  
And long from this dark world of change to depart,  
And dwell with the true, and the faithful in heart.

M. A.



## THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

WHEN I was a little girl I was quite a favorite with Aunt Miranda Putnam, a maiden lady of our town. Aunt Miranda was a perfect sample of a genteel village spinster; and she lived in just that neat, quiet, orderly way which is so apt to create the desire in married women, who have cross husbands and troublesome children, that they had always remained single.

Every thing about Aunt Putnam's house was always *just so*, and never seemed to admit of any possible variation. The cooper's wife went every Monday, rain or shine, to do her washing; and the baker brought her just so many loaves and seed-cakes every Saturday. She had a certain quantity of milk brought every morning, and no light was visible from her windows after a stated hour in the evening. Every thing seemed to go on according to square rule; and even her cat was trained to better manners than most of the children in the neighborhood. She always subscribed a certain sum for the maintenance of the minister, and was president of the "Female Charitable Society." The Sewing Circle met at her house every alternate month, and her name was regularly signed to every Temperance pledge, and Anti-Slavery petition. When cherries were ripe, she always invited the children of the district to spend an afternoon with her, and once a year she gave a large party, to which the doctor, lawyer, and minister, with their ladies, were sure of an invitation.

In short Aunt Miranda was one of the best and happiest single ladies with whom I have ever met; and fortunate was it for me that I was so early ingratiated in her favor, for her counsels were of great advantage to me. Having no mother to watch over me, and both my deceased parents having been dear friends of Aunt Putnam's, I was allowed a liberty of ingress and egress denied to all others. The few works of fiction which her little library contained, were early devoured by me, and I wept and smiled over *Paul and Virginia*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Sorrows of Werter*, *Religious Courtship*, and other *ci-divant* fashionable tales. I was perhaps more benefited by her volumes of the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Rambler*; and I also had access to the few periodicals for which she was a subscriber.

Small as was her income, she still contrived to do much good with it, and in her own still, quiet way she endeavored to be a benefactor to her race. Economical, though not parsimonious, her own personal expenses were regulated by the rules of a rigid self-denial. The same black bombazine gown was for years her nicest dress, and one of those green silk bellows-topped bonnets, called calashes, was worn by her long after they had been discarded by all others. But kind and charitable as Aunt Miranda was always allowed to be, yet it seemed to me that there was a want of real deep fervent feeling about her; she appeared as though the charities of her life were regulated by a sense of duty, rather than by sympathy for her fellow beings. I thought her too cold, too nice, and precise, to be capable of intense affection, and this was why I never made her a *confidante*. That she was interested in my welfare, that she wished to benefit me, I doubted not; but I could never open my heart to her; and when the most important event of my early life took place, when I had pledged my hand, and the fortune of which I should soon become mistress, to one of whom I then knew but little, I could not inform Aunt Miranda of what I had done. I knew that she would blame me, and I

felt that she could never sympathize with the feelings which had led to that imprudence.

But she heard of it from others, she learned that I was to be married,—young, hastily, and imprudently, and I received an invitation to visit her immediately. I had been blamed by others, but she—the icy formal one—what would she say? My heart beat fast as I entered that little quiet parlor: it was always still there, and I had learned to lower my voice, and soften my step, whenever I approached it. She was sitting with her dark hair combed to Quaker smoothness over her high brow, and her dark eyes filled—not as I had expected, with all of anger that she was capable of feeling, but with an expression of deep sorrow.

“And so, Alice, you are to be married?” said she to me. I confessed that she was correct.

“And I was not to know it, I who had watched you closely, as I thought, I who had deemed that love and marriage were yet but names to you, I who thought that every feeling of that heart was to be confided to me. But I do not blame you so much as I do myself. I thought that these were themes for future days, and forgot how early the warm heart may throb to affection. But tell me Alice that he is not a fortune hunter, that he does not seek the little gold which you may bestow. Oh, tell me that he does not want your money.”

I was surprised, and almost overpowered, by this burst of feeling, but I quickly answered “No! I could not love one so base, so worthless, mean, and low, as a fortune-hunter. Edward is noble, high-minded, and disinterested. I have never heard him speak of wealth but as the means for doing good; a boon to be shared by others; an instrument for the accomplishment of high designs! My guardian is satisfied, and I do assure you that he is not all that is selfish and corrupt; for such a fortune-hunter must surely be.”

“You may be deceived in him, Alice,” was her earnest response, “and you would not be the first victim of such deception. I must tell you a tale; I ought to have told it before, but I did not wish to awaken feelings which I thought were slumbering now; sit by me Alice, and I will tell you a story of my own youthful days. You have always thought me cold, stoical and unfeeling, and that is the character in which I would wish to appear, but I was not always so. I was young once, and as merry as you are Alice, in your gayest hours, but all that passed quickly away, for I had early learned to love.”

I started involuntarily, Aunt Miranda once in love—she whose very soul (at least all she possessed of soul) I had thought to be bound up in bright fire-irons, nice rug-work, and beautiful embroidery—she the very pink and pattern of discretion, the model of maiden propriety—she had once loved; ardently or she would not still remember it, and vainly for she was still unwedded. Never had I listened so intently to the gracious words which had been wont to proceed from her lips when she taught me how to make courtesies, plait ruffles, and write formal billets, as I now did, to this strange and unexpected declaration.

“Henry Formen,” continued my aunt, “was a college friend of my brother: He was handsome, graceful, and accomplished; and I was young, imaginative, and ignorant of the world. He came into this quiet village that amidst its peaceful seclusion he might acquire that profession which was to be the stepping-stone to wealth and celebrity. He was ambitious, and placed his standard high; he aimed to be one of earth’s proud and favored ones. There was something in his high aspirations which kindled my active



imagination, which awakened my admiration, and which, with his fascinating manners, and gentle, constant, kind attentions, soon won my love. Yes, I soon knew that I loved him, and with that worshipping passion which enshrines the object of affection in a temple dedicated to all that is noble, pure and true.

Seldom is mortal endowed with so much of moral and mental superiority as that with which I had invested him. Every thing that he did was better done, and from purer motives, than were the actions of any one else. Yes, I loved him, I knew it by the throbs with which I listened to his slightest word, by the thrills which rushed through my frame at the slightest touch of his hand, or glance of his eye. I knew it by the dreams which came to me at night, and blushed at the first thought which came to me at morn, but still it was a love which ennobled me, I felt that I was a better being while my whole soul was filled with this absorbing fervent worship. But did he love me? I dared not in my inmost heart say yes! He was so far above me that I could not think myself worthy of his affection. Yet he was kind to me, aye, more than *kind*, but then he was my brother's friend, for his sake he would be even as a brother to me. But he sometimes dropped words which seemed to speak of another and warmer love. For a moment my heart would beat in raptures, and then, again, it sank within me, for surely that could never be. What was I that he should thus be interested in me? A being wholly unworthy of his interest, yet spite of all my fears, my self-abasement, my elevated opinion of him, the hope began to dawn upon me that I was the object of his love. To trifle with me, or with any one, was what I thought him incapable of doing: that low gratification of selfishness, or vanity, which prompts some men to win affection but to show how they can contemn and discard it, was not in his nature. But there were looks and tones which I could not interpret otherwise than as the language of affection. Henry was poor, and I the expectant of more wealth than I have since possessed. Might not this influence his conduct? No; I utterly repudiated the thought. I was ashamed that it should once have entered my mind. Still there came no formal declaration, and I might have been the subject of self-delusion.

I had a friend, a lovely, dear and interesting friend, one who was gifted with far more brilliancy of mind, and beauty of person, than myself; and who was gentle and kind as she was fair and noble. Alicia had been the object of my brother's ardent admiration, and it was a cherished hope that she might one day be my sister. She had been absent from us long but was soon to return, and then, for the first time, she would see Henry. And Henry would see her, and to see either could be but to love and admire.

If Henry had been interested in me, how much more so must he be in Alicia? and my poor brother—if Alicia felt a friendship for him, she must surely feel something warmer for his companion. I had never before dreaded her arrival; I had never before felt aught but delight that she was to be with me, but now, though I schooled my heart to hide if it could not repress the unworthy feeling, I wished that she was not to come. But she did come, and they saw and admired each other. I had known it would be so, and my heart struggled in secrecy with its agony. I saw, day by day, the little attentions which had been devoted to me, shared with my beautiful friend, and at length they were wholly transferred to her, and I was a neglected one. I did not love him less for this—the spell was still strong upon me; for though I had never dared *believe* that I could awaken a permanent interest in Henry, I felt that Alicia was worthy of all, even his most ardent

love. I was restless and miserable, but Alicia's soul was in one constant revel amidst sunshine, and song, and flowers. Henry was ever with us, and his fascinating powers were exerted to the utmost to make *her* happy. And she was happy; and blissful thoughts were ever pouring forth, like strains of gladsome music from her heart, and when, at morn, I rose from a sleepless couch, it was to behold her wrapped in smiling dreams. Far more pointed than the attentions which he had once bestowed upon me were those now constantly offered to my friend, and, in the eyes of the world, as well as of each other, they were lovers.

But the dreamer was to be awakened; the bubble to be broken; for Alicia was suddenly summoned to her father's death-bed. I have not told you that her father was rich; that she was the reputed heir of great wealth; for I did not like to speak of the bauble *riches*, while depicting feelings pure as her's. But it was so, and I thought the fear of opposition from the proud father was the reason why he had never formally declared his love. But when they were called upon to separate, it was no time for them to speak of it. Still it did speak in the expression of their eyes, in the faltering of their words, in the tremor of their hands, and his last words were,

"Alicia, we shall soon meet again."

They did *not* soon meet again. Days passed, and word came to us that Alicia was an orphan; and then was also brought the tidings that she was a *portionless one*. A sudden and irretrievable reverse of fortune had brought the old man to a bed of sickness and death; and his daughter was left penniless. But never had I envied Alicia as in that hour of trial and sorrow. There was one that would now be more than friend to that friendless one. One who would go, and wipe the tears from her eyes, or mingle with them the consolations of love and sympathy. He would now go, and be to that lonely girl all that affection could desire, and all that affection could suggest. Now was the time for Henry to show himself all that was kind, and true, and noble. But my faith in him began to grow dim—time passed by, and he went not; and when Alicia wrote to me, to know if he were still among the living, I was astounded. But even then I could not believe him base; there must be some mistake. I was to be undeceived. Ah, how totally had I been blinded. The mists of love had been around me, and how were they to be dispersed? Alicia still wept over a new-made grave, when Henry made a proposal of marriage to me. It was then the love of money which had prompted him to assume the garb of affection; it had been Alicia's expected fortune; and it was now my smaller but certain one which his ambitious spirit had desired, as the means of self-aggrandizement. I saw it all now, and I was roused from my long dream. It was a bitter stroke, and the wounded heart was henceforth to be a caliced one. I spurned him from me. I despised—nay, even detested him now, but that loving, trusting, idolizing faith could never more return. I had loved him, but I could never love again."

Aunt Miranda ceased, and for a few moments we sat in silence. "But what," said I, "became of Alicia?"

"Alicia," continued she, "had loved with less of idolatry than myself, but with far more of hope and sympathy. Her mortification was greater also, for her affection had been more generally known, and openly acknowledged; but she called pride to her aid, and hid the wound which could not heal. There was one who had loved her in younger happier days, and whose affection continued, even through change of time, of fortune, and of her own feelings. That one knew not how earnest were her strivings for



peace, for strength, and cheerfulness, and at length she seemed so happy that he deemed she had wholly overcome that ill-fated love. She yielded to his solicitations and became his wife, but her exertions to conquer, to forget, and to love again, had been too great. She died, ere one whole year had passed away, and begged of me to watch and love her infant child. I have endeavored to fulfil that trust; and when a few years since the father also died, leaving her the heir of much wealth, I determined that she should never become the victim of a fortune-hunter. Alice, I fear I have been too negligent, for it may even now be so."

"Then I am that orphan child."

"You are the offspring of my brother George, and my much-loved Alice," replied Aunt Miranda.

"But you called her Alicia."

"That was to prevent you from identifying her at first," and taking a lovely miniature from her bosom, she hung it around my neck. I looked upon the beauteous face, and burst into tears.

"Let her sorrows be warnings to you," continued my aunt, "and look long and closely before you take that last leap, which may consign you to a fortune-hunter."

"But what," said I, "became of Henry?"

"His ardent dreams of fame and wealth were afterwards realized. He married an heiress in a distant city, and revelled for a time in splendor. But this is the bright side of the picture. Many trials and disappointments have since been his, and he is now a broken-spirited prematurely aged man."

Aunt Miranda's warnings were not lost upon me. I thanked her for her counsels, and promised to guide my conduct by them. My marriage was deferred for several years, during which Edward was closely watched by the Argus eyes of my anxious aunt; and when at length the day arrived, which was to unite my fate with his, I had the pleasure of hearing her express her conviction that the only fortune which he had sought was the hand of

Alice.

### THE FALLING RAIN.

O swiftly descendeth the falling rain,  
As lightly it taps on the window pane,  
And dimples the face of the placid lake,  
While a pensive sound its droppings make;—  
And the winds whisper forth a sighing strain,  
To blend with the tears of the falling rain.

How fares it now with the flowerets bright,  
That so lately have opened their eyes to the light?  
Oh, bending low is each delicate form;  
Yet its perfume it yields to the howling storm;  
Like gratitude swelling 'mid grief and pain,  
Is the fragrance they send through the falling rain.

The cattle have sought the sheltering wall,  
Where they silently stand, as the thick drops fall:

And see, on the grass that borders the grove,  
A glistening web the mist has just wove,  
And the pebbles that lay on the arid plain  
Seem burnished with gold, by the falling rain.

Where is he who trod, with his staff and pack,  
The dusty road, when the sky grew black?  
Oh! he resteth him now in the grey rock's shade,  
And watcheth the streamlet the shower has made;  
And ye may not say that his thoughts are vain  
While he museth there on the falling rain.

How happy are we in our calm retreat,  
While we hear the storm on our cottage beat,  
And think, as we list to the raging din,  
That it maketh dearer the peace that's within;  
While cheerful we sit, till the day doth wane,  
And gaze on the clouds and the falling rain.

When the gladdening sunlight of joy has fled,  
And troubles are gathering dark overhead,  
May our spirits serenely repose in His love,  
Whose strength all the powers of earth cannot move;  
And, sheltered serenely from sorrow and pain,  
Look with smiles on the storm and the falling rain.

L. L.

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### THE "POEMS" RETURNED.

"Good evening, Samuel; I am 'so glad' to see you; why, it is nearly three months since you have been here."

"Yes, sister, it has been a long time since I have had the pleasure of passing an evening with you; but my old excuse is my only one—pressure of business. I have returned the volume of poems you lent me when I was here, and will thank you, if you can, to give me some account of the origin and *modus operandi* of this Library Association."

"I shall comply with pleasure, as I passed an evening in company with a member of that Institution, when in Boston several months since, who, at my request, kindly furnished me with the statistics of the society, which are as follows: The Library was established February 22d, 1820. It owes its origin to the exertions of a few philanthropic individuals, who, perceiving the necessity of, and the advantages to be derived from, the intellectual and moral improvement of this important class of the community, united their efforts, and, aided by the donations of a liberal public, founded the *first* "Apprentices' Library" in the world. It was placed by its founders under the guardianship of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, who conducted it until 1828, when an Association of Apprentices was formed, who took charge of the Library, the parent Association defraying its expenses until 1832, when the apprentices assumed the entire responsibility.—Since that time it has been solely under their direction and control, and, through their exertions, is now enjoying a high state of prosperity, and consequent utility. The Library consists of upwards of 2,000 volumes."



"Thank you, but judging from the poems, I should suppose they possessed other advantages for intellectual improvement, than access to books only."

"Yes, brother; connected with the Association, is an Elocution Class, which forms one of the principal attractions to the members. Its exercises are declamation, debate, extemporaneous speaking, and the reading of original essays. There is also an extensive reading department, furnished with the principal papers and magazines of the day. Those poems, Samuel, which you have just read, are sufficient evidence of the value of this Association; being the production of genius, which, in all probability, would have lain dormant, but for its influence."

"That, Emma, has been no slight influence, which has thus 'roused the slumbering soul, the forceful mind; to break away those fetters that bind them groveling to earth,' and try their new fledged pinions in the bright realms of poesy."

"Brother, as you are a better critic than myself, I would like your opinion on a few extracts, which I will read. I select these, not because they are the best poetry in the poems, or the best poems in the book; but being from "Anniversary Poems," they are more intimately connected with the subject of our present conversation. They likewise convey a good idea of the spirit of the institution. The first was pronounced Feb. 22d, 1838, also the anniversary of Washington's birthday."

"Immortal Chieftain! round whose memory plays  
Glory's rich sunshine in unclouded blaze!  
Whose deeds now shine a constellation bright,  
That ne'er shall set until eternal night—  
When wondrous systems must to chaos run,  
And deepest darkness pall the golden sun;  
The brightest planets quench their bounteous light,  
And hide their beauty from admiring sight;  
Old Time, grown weary, leaves unwatched his glass,  
And years and ages unrecorded pass—  
That constellation, though it sets with earth,  
Will dawn again to a celestial birth;  
The pure effulgence worth to it has given,  
Will beam resplendent in the courts of heaven."

"Well, then, Emma, you wish my opinion. That extract speaks forth its own praises, and will find a ready response in every American heart."

"Hear this, Samuel; it is from the poem on *Reason*, pronounced the succeeding anniversary.

Man's course is onward! sped by REASON's light,  
How high he mounts! how beautiful and bright,  
The grand conceptions of those reasoning powers,  
When thought beguiles his lonely waking hours.  
Behold on her swift pinions now he flies  
Beyond the world, and to his gazing eyes,  
Those stars, like diamonds on the robe of night,  
Are peopled worlds, suspended from their height  
By God's omnipotence; he learns to trace  
Their forms and motions through the azure space;  
In Nature's book to read the wondrous laws  
Which change the seasons, and from whence the cause."

"Emma, I think I may very *reasonably* consider that a fine specimen of the manly and vigorous style, joined with purity of thought. Some of those figures are really admirable."

"The next is from an article on *Improvement*, pronounced Feb. 22d, 1840. It is rather long, but I hope you will excuse that, as it so well sets forth the fraternal feelings existing among the members, and the fond devotion with which they bow at the altar of improvement."

"Beloved companions of this little band,  
Whose youthful ardor lent the willing hand  
And generous heart, in Virtue's cause to rear  
Your little temple, to IMPROVEMENT dear,  
Who love within its hallowed walls to meet  
Each dear associate, and together greet  
The voice of Wisdom, as she sweetly pours  
The choicest treasures of her gathered stores;  
With eager hand, the glowing page to turn,  
Which bids its rapture in your bosoms burn;  
Or filled with wonder at their grand display,  
Through Nature's realms with Art and Science stray;  
With minds improved by each successive scene,  
With grateful hearts within these walls convene,  
To list instruction from the lips of age,  
From Scholar, Statesman, and the learned Sage."

"Emma, any person who could read that extract, and not wish to see the whole poem, would still be insensible to its beauties, were I to speak of the lofty enthusiasm of its spirit, or its rich and racy style."

"Samuel, the last one I will quote is from a poem on *Eloquence*, pronounced Feb. 22d, 1842."

"Resistless Power! while yet thy tones inspire  
The patriot's ardor and the warrior's fire,—  
While round the guilty great, thy lightning's play,  
Or cheer déspondent Virtue on her way,—  
In sweeter notes some passing hour beguile,  
And wreath on Beauty's cheek a lovelier smile,—  
Or silent plead in Friendship's ardent eye,  
Or softly breathe in fond Affection's sigh,—  
Pierce Mammon's heart, oppressed with sordid care,  
And wake the manly feeling slumbering there!  
With sweet persuasive voice the wanderer win  
To honor's starry pathway back again!  
Oh, matchless Art! while still unchecked shall roll  
Thy dauntless influence o'er the human soul,  
With purer aims the mind of man employ,—  
Let nobler ends bring more exalted joy!"

"Sister, the heart beats lightly to the eloquent music of this bard's beautiful imaginings. Long and often may those gifted youths continue to send forth the sweet strains of soul-stirring poetry to gladden the world."

"Brother, another good idea connected with the Association, is, the degree of *Honorary Member*, which, at the close of their apprenticeship, in conferred on those, who, in the estimation of their fellows, have earned the



dear loved title. 'Those who are elected to this honor, cherish it as the best 'certificate of character' with which they can commence life's uneven journey.'

"Yes, Emma, that is a very good measure, as it will prove a stimulant to the indolent, and a reward to the industrious. From small causes, effects little thought of, sometimes arise. Probably the individual who gave the moving spring its first vibration, which ushered into being the "MECHANIC APPRENTICES' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION," was all unconscious of the great good which would result from that one, in itself, unimportant word."

"Truly, brother, thus we see it becometh us, 'Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, do it with our might.' I presume every apprentice in Boston, who has any taste for moral or intellectual excellence, if not already one, will lose no time in becoming a member of that excellent institution."

"Thank you, dear sister, for the information you have given me. Good night. But stop. Where can I obtain those poems? I have made inquiry at several of our bookstores, and have been unable to find them."

"You can get them, Samuel, at the bookstore of A. O. Ordway, No. 99, Merrimack street."

H. J.

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## CHAPTERS ON LIFE AS IT IS. NO. II.

*"All have the elements of every lovable virtue."*

"Good morning, Lizzy," said Lucy White, as, with a merry laugh, and a bounding step, she entered her sister's apartment; "let us take a walk to inhale the pure air this delicious morning."

"Thank you, sister, I am glad you have called; I have wished for a little chat with you; and as we can walk and talk at the same time, I shall be very happy to accompany you. Where shall we go, Lucy?"

"O, anywhere, Lizzy, that we can breathe fresh air, and find a dear little bud, or flower, or any vegetable life. Let us go where the grass has a chance to greet the blessed sunlight, without being compelled to force its way between the bricks, as it does on our sidewalk. Haste, Lizzy, and put on your bonnet and shawl. Now for your chat: what is it to be about?"

"Well, Lucy, it is this: a few days since, as I opened one of my friend Munroe's books, I discovered a slip of perforated paper, whereon was neatly wrought, 'All have the elements of every lovable virtue.' What do you think of the sentiment?—is it true, or is it not?"

"Think of it," exclaimed Lucy; "why I cannot believe it is half true!"

"But, dear sister, are you not rather hasty in giving judgment? For my own part I must confess, I felt there was much truth in it; and I would it were more generally acknowledged, for I am sure it would elevate the tone of feeling in the community, and increase the amount of human happiness."

"Surely, Lizzy, you cannot intend to say that old Peggy Straw possessed half the lovable virtues. She seems to delight in deception, especially if she can injure any person's feelings by it. I have not forgotten how she told Mr. West and Mr. Capen, that she had invited all the girls around there to her quilting that afternoon. She knew that I would suffer from her deception rather than contradict it before strangers, so she endeavored to make it

appear that some of us would not assist her, when we could have done if so we had been invited."

"Lucy, be not too severe; Peggy has not enjoyed the religious advantages that most people have at the present day. The circumstances in which she has been placed have probably made her very different from what she would have been under different influences. Do you not suppose, when Peggy was an infant in her mother's arms, she gave as fair promise of future excellence as any child."

"Possibly that may have been the case; but if so, how could she have arrived at her present degree of depravity?"

"Lucy, you admit the possibility of the fact; I think it not only possible, but more than probable, that she possessed every organ necessary for a well-balanced and healthy mind; if so, then she possessed "the elements of every lovable virtue," and it has been a want of proper cultivation only that prevents her from being really an amiable person. Speaking phrenologically, Conscientiousness may have been entirely neglected, while other organs have been unduly developed."

"Well, Lizzy, there seems some plausibility in your reasoning; and if it can be fully established, I shall pity rather than despise the unfortunate creature. But there is Dilly Gay—you said *she* was a perfect nuisance. How will your motto apply to her?"

"Yes, Lucy, I confess I did say so, but it was a premature judgment; I have since concluded that her rough manners, and uncourteous speech, constitute the brier-hedge which conceals the verdure of a true and kind heart. When Sarah Hill was so very sick, you know Dilly was the first one who offered her any assistance, and she was ever at hand to perform any little act of kindness until she recovered."

"Well, Lizzy, I am half inclined to adopt your motto; it would open to me a new sphere of usefulness and happiness."

"Do so, dear sister, if you are convinced of its truth, but not otherwise. When you have planted it in your heart, much care and cultivation will be necessary, to make it flourish. Indeed your utmost efforts, at times, will scarce keep it alive. But do not despair—it will yield fruit in due season."

"I will think of it, Lizzy. But here we are at your door; accept part of my flowers, and my thanks for your company in this, to both mind and body, invigorating excursion. Good morning."

"Good morning, Lucy."

ORIANNA.

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### "CHANCES AND CHANGES."

CHANGE and instability are written upon all things. This law is imprinted upon all the varying forms of Nature, and we see it indelibly impressed, also, upon all the works of man. We look on the earth, clothed in the green verdure and beauty of summer—the waving forest, the rich fruit trees, and the fanciful garden, are all spread before us; but, even while we are gazing, the change comes, the brilliancy fades, and soon all Nature lies cold and shivering beneath the snow-clad robes of winter.

If we look abroad on the works of man, how forcibly are we reminded of their changing, fleeting nature. Although the labor of thousands of human



beings has been expended upon the works of art, yet Decay has stamped her signet upon them, and they are continually passing away! Vicissitude, which comes upon every thing else, comes also upon society. Do we rely upon the ties of friendship and love? Alas, how frail is the support! We see our friends and acquaintances busily pursuing the career of life, some of them in the strength and vigor of youth, full of hope and activity; but they are gone! No ties could retain, nor love save them, for the Power that changed is omnipotent.

There are changes from which no money can purchase exemption—which no wisdom can avert. Death, the completion of all earthly mutability—what a change is this! “The silver cord is loosed”—“The golden bowl is broken,” and the once animated being becomes cold and insensible. The heart no longer glows with affection—the voice is hushed, and the countenance that but lately beamed with expression, is naught but an image. The spirit is not dead, but has only changed the place of its abode. Thus are we taught not to place our affections too fondly on things that perish, but to cherish those feelings which will fit us for that world where no change comes, except in constant improvement; “where the bright ages of eternity will cast no shadow, but roll on in unceasing happiness.” J. S. W.

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## EDITORIAL.

**THE SABBATH IN LOWELL.** The fine appearance of the Lowell operatives upon the Sabbath is often made a theme of remark by strangers. And truly it is a pleasant sight to view so many pretty females in the bloom of life, clad in their holiday dresses, filling by thousands our *trottoirs* upon their way to or from the house of God.

But with those who are reflecting—to whom the eye of the body is but a servant to the eye of the soul—to those who look farther than that which meets the senses—to those this sight is suggestive of many thoughts. They would see how much of care has been bestowed upon this poor outward frame, and would ask if as much attention had been directed to the preparation of the *heart*, for its *appearance* in a place—not of theatrical show, but of *worship*. They would ask if, with those whose time for rest and spiritual improvement is so limited, if the outward and inward adornment were perfectly compatible with each other. They would *imagine* scenes which we have *witnessed*, where *hours* of the sacred day have been spent in the mere “plaiting of the hair.” They would think also of the different motives which have brought so many forth; and then again they would think that even this great number included not all. They would know that there were many who never enter a place of public worship; and they would presume that of that number many might spend this time in a manner which would ill accord with its sacred duties.

We are not now about to recommend a puritanical observance of the Sabbath. We would not wish to make it a day in which there should be no interchange of cheerful thoughts, and friendly congratulations; but we would wish that all should, in some manner, on this day, lend their influence to a perpetuation of those ordinances which have made us an envied people; and without which there must be a decay of all which truly conduces to our happiness.

Every girl who enters a Lowell factory receives a “regulation paper,” in which it is enjoined upon her to attend, *regularly*, some place of public worship. Among these females there are many who think no such rule should be made—that the employers need exercise no supervision over their conduct, excepting so far as their behavior in the mill, or at their boarding-house, is concerned. And then, again, there are, as we have heretofore stated, many who cannot afford the expenses which they would thus incur. There are girls who come to support a widowed mother, or invalid father, or a family in some way deprived of their usual means of support; or they come to redeem a mortgaged farm, or to collect a wardrobe, or a sum of money to attend school,

or get married, or "go to the West;" and the pew rent, which varies from three to six dollars per annum, is a tax heavily felt when one receives but "a new hand's" wages; and which, with the attendant expenses of dress, etc., make a slight inroad upon any operative's purse. But, it may be urged, this rule is not enforced—no one is forced into compliance with this regulation.

This rule ought either to be enforced, or it should be erased from the list of regulations. And it should never be enforced unless one place, at least, of free worship, is established in Lowell. There should be one "City Missionary," or "Minister at Large"—one to preach the Gospel to those who might not otherwise hear it. In a city, which does not contain three times as many inhabitants as Lowell, there are three such preachers; and there also the proportion of a young floating population is not so large—of those to whom it would be most useful, and whose influence in the generation of coming actors upon the stage of life will be very likely to remain impressed by circumstances here. We send from this city, hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars every year, for the support of missionaries in other places; while, in the words of John Randolph, "the Greeks are at our door." "These things ought we to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

It may be said that, with a little self-denial, almost every operative might enjoy these religious privileges; but, granting this, all young girls, away from the influences of parents and friends, will not exercise this self-denial; and we do not reason thus in regard to the young about other things. We do not expect the prudence, self-denial, and circumspection, of them that we do of those who are maturer. Our care should be that the young may enjoy these advantages, and be placed within those influences, which will be likely to create those qualities.

It may be objected to all this, that those who attend public worship here do it not always from the motives which should actuate them—that they go for display—"to see and be seen." We will allow that good impulses may often be mingled with those which are not so praiseworthy; yet, by a constant attendance upon faithful preaching, the former may be made to predominate; and it must be granted that an entire desertion of the house of God, even when commenced from necessity, is almost always followed by a decrease of moral sensibility. Those who value Sabbath privileges, themselves, will not be likely to make this objection.

Some will say that, of the great number who do not attend public worship, many are as good and amiable as the majority of those who do thus attend. If we grant this we must remember that they are under the silent influences of these services, by their connection with the others—that society here would be very different if there were no altars built for God—and, however pleasant and good these young females may be, an attendance upon church services would be an indication of a still higher tone of moral feeling, and help to preserve it.

And now it may be asked, "Do the operatives wish for an institution of this kind?"

When the females, who attend upon no regular place of worship, are asked why they do not, the reply is often made, that they would, if they could enjoy the privilege of a free attendance at some such place.

"And, supposing such an enterprise was to be established, what sort of a minister should we obtain?"

He should be a philanthropist—a man of noble and elevated views of Christianity—one who could rise above all the distinctions of sects, and be willing to "preach Christ, and Him crucified." He should be one who could see a lamb for his flock, from whatever fold she might have come—one who, by enforcing and inculcating the great truths upon which we all agree, would gain their regard, and do much good, and who would wound the feelings of none, by touching upon those minor differences which alone make discord—one who, when more favorable circumstances smiled upon her, could behold any lamb of his flock return to her own fold, with the consciousness that, to her, he had been a good shepherd. He should be one who would respect the feelings and views of the other shepherds about him, and one whose faithfulness and truth should secure theirs in return. He should be an intellectual and educated man, that he might win those who would feel repulsed by ignorance and coarseness—for many, who are here, have been accustomed, in their homes, to the teachings of those who are well fitted to stand, as ministering spirits, between them and their Father who is in Heaven.

And, lastly, "By whom should this be brought about?"

It is not a duty exclusively belonging to the capitalists, though they might be expected to assist. But all should feel themselves called upon to engage in a work like this, who have philanthropic feelings, and Christian hearts.

H. F.